

Japanese Fairy Tale Series

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KACHI-KACHI
MOUNTAIN.



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譯 者 チエームス夫人

發行者 東京下谷上根岸町十七番地
長谷川武次郎

印刷者 全 京橋竹川町一番地
柴田喜一





KACHI-KACHI MOUNTAIN.

ONCE upon a time there was an old farmer who cultivated a field in the mountains. One day his old wife came and brought him his dinner; but a badger stole and eat it. This made the old



man angry and at last he took the badger alive, carried it home with him, and hung it to a rafter by the feet. Then he said to his wife, "Let us have this badger for soup. Have it well cooked and wait till I come back." Then he went again to the field. His wife was pounding barley in a mortar and singing. In distress the badger said, "If you will only spare my life I will pound the barley for you." As it was indeed in a

sad plight she untied the cord
and let it down. Then right
away the badger sprang at the
old woman and killed her, and
made her into soup.





Then he assumed her
shape and sat waiting,
when the old man re-
turned from the field.
When he was about to



partake of the soup, the badger assumed his original form, and cried out, "You wife-eating old man you! Did not you see the bones under the floor?" Laughing



derisively it escaped out of doors and disappeared. The old man threw down his chop-sticks and cried long and bitterly. Now in the same mountain there lived an old rabbit. Hearing the voice of



the old man crying,
he came and tried
to comfort him, and
said he would him-



self avenge the death of the old
woman. "First," he said, "parch
me some beans." And the old
man parched them. The rab-
bit put the parched beans in a
pouch and said, "Now to the
mountain again;" and away he
went. The badger was attracted
by the smell, and came and said;

“Give me about a handful of those beans.” This was what the rabbit was expecting. So he said; “I will if you will carry a bundle of dry-grass for me over to yon mountain.” “I will do as you say without fail,” replied the badger, “only first give me the beans.” He begged importunately, but the rabbit said; “Yes, after you have carried the load of dry-grass.” He then put on his back a great

pile of dried-grass and sent the badger on before, while he took out his flint and struck out a spark, and set the bundle on fire.



The badger alarmed at the noise asked, "what is that?" The rabbit replied; "That is *Kachi-Kachi* Mountain."* Soon the fire began to kindle and spread in the dried-grass. The badger,



* Click-Click Mountain, or the Mountain of Victory.

hearing this



again asked, "what is that?" The rabbit replied, "That is *Bo-Bo* Mouuntain."[†] By this time the fire had spread to the badger's back and burnt it badly. Crying out in pain, he rolled over and shook off his load and ran away out of sight.

The rabbit next mixed some sauce and red-pepper and made a sticking plaster, put on a hat and set out to sell it as a cure for blisters and burns. The badger was then lying helpless with his

[†] Crackle Mountain, or Mountain of Defeat.

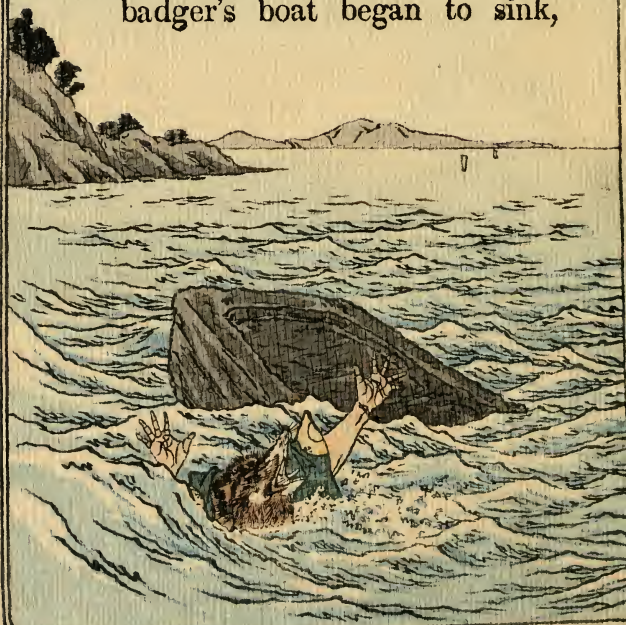


back all raw and sore. That must be a good medicine, he thought, when he heard of it. So he got some applied to his back. But there is no language to tell how he smarted when the red-pepper sticking plaster was applied to his sore skin. He just rolled over and over and howled long and bitterly. Now after about twenty days the badger's sore was healed. The rabbit was then making a boat, and the badger seeing it asked

“what are you going to do with this boat?” The rabbit replied, “I intend to catch fish,” thus deceiving. The badger felt envious, but was dull in that kind of work.



“I too will make a boat of clay,”
he said. So having made a clay
boat he rowed out to sea along
with the rabbit. Then the
badger’s boat began to sink,



and when it was sinking, the
rabbit brandished aloft his oar
and struck the badger dead,
thus avenging the
old man's wife.



